

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXVIII.

JUNE, 1919

No. 1

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1.

OUR SHIP OF STATE	I
HELP OF GOD	I
THE STILL HOUR:—	
A WHITSUNTIDE HYMN	4
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	4
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—	
HOW TO DEAL WITH THE ANGRY CHILD	7
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—	
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN	8
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
MANKIND'S BEST FRIEND	9
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	11
IMPORTANT NOTICES	12

OUR SHIP OF STATE.

(FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.")

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle."

Covering many a rood of ground
Lay the timber piled around;—
Timber of chestnut and elm and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.

Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and
endless!

... Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O *Union*, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,—
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

HELP OF GOD.

Having obtained help of God. — ACTS xxvi 22.

The Christian life is an impossibility
upon any other condition, simply because it
is a call upon imperfect and sinful beings
to be perfect as God is perfect, and holy
as God is holy. He must help us to be
what He would have us. Christianity is
what we can do, bear, know, reach up to,
become with God's help. We are even for-
bidden to engage in its enterprises, to
preach its gospel, for example, unless we
are conscious that we have received this
help. Our orders from the Master are
such as we ourselves sometimes give to
children, or the half-taught, inexperienced,
and weak; we say to them, You must not
try to do this without asking me to aid you,
to explain the process or share the weight.
We say this because we are not willing that
the work should be spoiled and the work-

man disheartened, and time and strength thrown away. We say this, not because those to whom we are assigning their tasks are nothing and can do nothing, but because they are not enough and cannot do enough to insure success.

It is an essential part of the Christian plan and a necessity of the Christian situation that the disciple should have help. Jesus habitually recognizes and presses this necessity. He distinctly admits that the life which He proposes and enjoins as His Father's will concerning His children is impossible for man, and that whatever it may be that we lack, and however our insufficiency may be accounted for, it is not in us to supply the want. He will need evangelists, preachers of the truth; and He sees that His disciples, full as their minds and hearts will be of the story of His life, will not be fit for the task, and that premeditation would only make them less fit. He sees in the rich young man the making of an apostle and martyr, and yet one who cannot let go his hold upon his wealth. He finds that disciples who are unable to go away from Him are almost equally unable to follow Him in His thoughts and aims, and by their very saying, "We have left all and followed Thee," show that they have not left all. When Peter confesses Him to be the Christ He says, That is no thought of yours; when the same disciple declares his readiness to go with Him to prison and death, He tells him that he will do nothing of the sort, but quite the contrary. He sees everywhere sinners whose strength has often failed them, and a law which has proved powerless to keep man in the path of right. While He does not abate one jot of His doctrine of perfection, while He is absolutely clear and positive as to the far-off end and the Kingdom of Love that shall be established, there is not the least touch of enthusiastic expectation in His teachings. The Prince of this world has nothing in Him, but He is the Prince of this world all the same,—a world which is inhospitable and even hostile to Him and His,—and reaches out one hand to seize gifts and the other to smite and slay Him.

It is not that Jesus recites to us a long catalogue of exacting duties and out of His sinlessness exhorts sinners; He scarcely gives us anything new in the way of moral precepts. He quotes from the Scriptures what His hearers already knew by heart. He says with the utmost quietness, Keep the commandments,—you know them. But then He goes on to imply that to keep the commandments is not to be perfect; He

presents God Himself as the ideal of a perfection toward which His children must aspire,—an ideal which He alone has realized, and which man reaches up to only as the whole direction of his life is changed, and the love of God ranks all other motives. The commercial view of religion disappears altogether; even he who does good on principles of calculation and vanity is accounted a sinner, while the man who hates his brother is a murderer, and only the pure in heart can hope to see God. Jesus does not hesitate to declare that in Himself such an ideal Love and Purity are embodied.

In this I find the mystery of the Incarnation. This justifies His call upon us to rest in Him and come to God by Him; and through this moral perfection, this perfect Sonship, the Heavenly Father reaches down to us and stirs in us a consuming, eager desire to be perfect as He is perfect. This desire is more than a passing enthusiasm for abstract ideas, more than the glow of some exceptional moment of our life; working by faith in a Person it is an abiding spiritual condition, it tells upon the inner being. It is a religion; it makes unseen things real and powerful; it demands deep, radical, lasting changes in ourselves and in society; it will never be quieted until its vital energy and its victorious power have made the world a kingdom of love and righteousness.

The coming of Jesus into our world is God's call to man to live a divine life, whatever that may prove to be; to dwell in a divine society, whatever such a society may become; to recognize that human kinship in which as sinners we are bound to sinners, and as those that mourn to those that mourn, and as those that rejoice to those that rejoice; to renounce selfishness and to live for man in the love of God, the Father of Jesus Christ and our Father. And the Father who so calls us by His Son is by this very call, and by the necessity which it lays upon us, engaged to help us.

The law of this new life as Jesus revealed it was exacting, not because of new and numberless commandments, but because it was essentially spiritual and moral, higher than heaven and purer than the light. It was in the extremest contrast with the law of all previous living in the nations around, with their altogether human gods and goddesses; and it was far superior to the Jewish strictness,—rigorous indeed, but limited in its requirement; offering to the obedient a full recompense in outward prosperity, and declaring that the Jew can

find his neighbor only in a Jew, and not in every man that has need of him. It was a grand and beautiful and blessed world as it came out slowly before the eyes which the Lord opened, but it was a world to be won by prayers and fastings and tears and blood; and since the seat of evil is in our hearts, and when we are tempted we are drawn away of our own lusts and enticed, it would be a struggle in which a man's worst foes are ever they of his own household. Well might the Lord say, "In this world ye shall have tribulation." All worlds that had ever been were ungirt and frivolous compared with the true Christian world, which even down to our age has never lacked its noble army of martyrs for truth and duty and love.

And I say that answering of necessity to these supreme ideals and universal aims is the blessed fact that a new element has been brought into the spiritual life of man,—a power which is not ours, a power from on high, as of the living and present God. "Fear not, little flock," He said, "it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." To all who are His He promises a royal gift for which His visible and outward companionship had prepared them, an inward and abiding manifestation which His very going away, sad as it seemed, alone made possible. The Holy Spirit of the Father, He tells them, is God's best gift to His child, better than any gift of any parent on earth. This Spirit shall whisper to them what they ought to say in His cause and theirs when in some great strait they must speak, humble and unlettered as they are, before rulers and kings. This Spirit shall lead them into all truth, and help their infirmities, and recall and interpret His teachings, and shall bind them to Himself in Him that sent Him, a living and immortal Society. For a moment, when He shall have gone beyond their touch and their sight, they may seem to have been left comfortless; but they shall presently know that He who made the soul can help the soul, and shall go bound in His spirit to work the works of Him that sends them. It is of the very essence and substance and property of our fatherly God to love us, and to come and dwell in us; to penetrate, possess, renew, and recreate our hearts and lives, and so our whole world, by His Spirit.

Christianity is a ministry of the Spirit, a fulfilment of the old prophecy, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Of course it is a fact which flesh and blood do not reveal to us, and which we

can rather know and feel than understand. There is no need that we should undertake to analyze, discuss, and philosophize about it, or draw hard and fast lines between the human and divine in our thoughts and words and works. What matters it how much of the plant is the increase of the heavens and how much the increase of the earth? That question is not for the farmer but for the man of science to answer; and we may leave it unanswered if only in good ground we plant good seed, where the sun will shine and the rain will fall upon it. There is no reason to fear that our sense of dependence upon God will make us sluggards. Sunlight and showers are no more than the needful encouragements of a patient husbandman. The Spirit works through the human, and lifts it into the divine. The Spirit takes of the words and works of Jesus, and His sweet reasonableness ever rebukes and restrains all the vagaries and excesses of religious fanaticism, and when men would be wise beyond what is written and ask, "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" returns the quiet answer, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

"Having obtained help of God." That is no Christian life which is not lived in the expectation of such help. An uninspired Christianity can be at best only a labored copying, which will scarcely be better than a caricature of the Saviour's life, as unlike the living reality as the tree that is carved out of dead wood is unlike the tree that is growing in the field to-day. Have faith in a God who can and will help you, simply because you are His child. As sure as you believe in this help it will be yours. As to the form which it will take, leave that to Him. What Destiny is to the believer in blind, inexorable fate, the Will of the Father shall be to you. In every strait you shall lean back upon Him, and rise up from every defeat in His strength; and by you His will shall be done on earth even as it is done in Heaven.

If you have never so far as you know obtained help from God, you need look no further for an explanation of failure, disappointment, weariness, coldness. You have been waging a warfare at your own charges. You have been trying to do what Jesus ages ago pronounced impossible. You have lived in God's world as if there were no living, loving, helpful God in it any more; as if the Divine Love had been

once and for all spent in sending forth the holy men of old; as if the promise were not to us and to our children near and far, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!"

—*Rev. Rufus Ellis, D.D.*

THE STILL HOUR.

A WHITSUNTIDE HYMN.

Spirit divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come.

Come as the light. To waking minds
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

Come as the fire. Enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be,
In love's redeeming name.

Come as the wind. Sweep clean away
What dead within us lies;
And charge and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

—*Rev. Andrew Reed.*

O Thou Holiest, whose Spirit bloweth where it listeth! Heedless as we are, pass us not by in our unfaithfulness, but speak to us in Thy still voice; and as we cover our head and hear, may we hush our idle words and lay low our guilty pride, and drop every burden of our hearts, that we may be open to Thy renewing grace and moulded by Thy consecrating will. Amid the outer turmoil of the world Thou reservest for us an inner silence of the spirit, where Thou wilt ever meet us and give us peace. May the labor of our hands never stop the prayer of our hearts. Cease not to call us to Thy secret place; there send the sprinkling of Thy dews upon our dry affections, and breathe Thou abroad to loose every band of our contracted souls.

O Source of everlasting grace, Who hast not left us without Thy holy image in our humanity! Fill us with the mind that was also in Christ Jesus, who thirsted only to do Thy will and finish Thy work, and declined no cup of sorrow from Thy hand. Fix our eye upon the shadow of the cross which he has left upon every human path,

and make us one with him in patience, in pureness, in love, in trust, in divine forgiveness, in entire self-sacrifice. Dying with him to earthly thralldom and mortal fears, may we rise with him to heavenly life, and set our affections on things above. Touch us, while here, with quickening sympathies, joining us to Thy saints and servants of every age; and mingle us at length with a more joyful communion, where sin and death shall be no more.

Hear us, O Lord, and let our prayers come before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as the morning sacrifice. And send us Thine answer of peace, uniting us in the bonds of love with one another and with Thee. Amen.—*James Martineau.*

Though a man read his Bible all day long, he may learn no more from it than a dumb animal, unless his heart is full of love. For love is the light by which we see God; by which we understand His Bible; by which we understand our duty and God's dealing in this world.—*Charles Kingsley.*

For naught can come, as naught hath been
But what my Father hath foreseen,
And what shall work my good.
Whate'er He gives me I will take;
Whate'er He chooses I will make
My choice with thankful mood.

—*Paul Flemming.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., telephone Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

See letter of Mrs. Cecil (No. 9).

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers the following: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Cranford," Mrs. Gaskell; "Stepping Heavenward," Elizabeth Prentiss; "Deacon Herbert's Bible Class" and "The

Problem of the Fourth Gospel," James Freeman Clarke.

REQUESTS.

1. I am a widow, seventy-four old. I have one daughter and one son living. Two of my sons were killed on the fourteenth night of last July, at prayer-meeting. It was so hard to give up two at once, and especially an unexpected death. I should appreciate a Bible, or Testament, having large print. Any reading matter will be appreciated, and will be passed on to others. As this is my first call, I refer you to Rev. F. R. Sherrill, Athens, Tennessee. Mrs. Amanda McCracken, Douglas Street, Athens, Tennessee.

2. Miss Nancy Smith, an elderly woman and an invalid, will be glad of light reading. Mrs. Della Wright, the mother of seven children, also will be grateful for light reading. Address both at Ferrum, Virginia, Route 2.

3. Any of the following will be gratefully received: Either one of the "Histories," "Needlework from Magazines," or "The Bracelets," "Draytons and the Davenants," "The Pioneers and Patriots," by Miss Edgeworth. I mention several so you will know about what kind of reading I like. Many thanks for what you good ladies have sent me. Mrs. M. E. Douglass, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

4. I am a married woman with one little baby boy. I should like any kind of reading matter for myself and husband, as we get very lonely sometimes. Any kind of books or magazines would be appreciated; also any kind of scraps for patchwork. Mrs. J. T. Massey, Elamsville, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

5. I live in the country, and am a farmer's wife. I should be glad of scraps for patchwork; am also fond of crocheting, and should like any pattern. Should also like *St. Nicholas* magazines for my son's wife,—Mrs. W. M. Harrington, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 5. I give as reference Rev. A. C. Davis, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 5. My address is Mrs. C. W. Harrington, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 5.

6. I wish to ask some of you to send some good, interesting reading for my four little boys, whose ages are from seven to thirteen years. Also, some picture-books suitable for my baby Janet, aged two years.

For myself I should be pleased with either *The Cheerful Letter*, *Red Cross Magazine*, or *Sunshine Bulletin*, and still better pleased to hear from some of you with letters and cards; I will try to answer all that write me. Mrs. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Va.

7. I wish to ask the *Cheerful Letter* friends to write to me June 29th, my birthday. On that day I shall be forty-eight years old, and letters and post-cards from any State will be appreciated. Mrs. James B. Roberson, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

8. Mary Howard, eighteen years old, R. D. 3, Box 12, Polkton, North Carolina, wants a dictionary. Her mother is fifty-three years old; does little around the house. Mary has to cook, milk, and work in the fields in summer; has ambition to be a teacher and get an education.

9. A friend of mine has told of your great work, and I desire to make request for books and magazines through *The Cheerful Letter*. I am very much interested in church work in this section. My home is situated in an isolated community in the rural South, and there is no public library that we can patronize. I have always been fond of reading, but have never been able to buy books. I have ten children, including three grown girls, and they are all interested in books. I shall be so glad to have any one send me books of history, poetry, and fiction, as well as second-hand school-books, and magazines; old books worn and soiled will be all right for us. I refer you to my pastor, Rev. G. C. Phillips, Bear Creek, North Carolina. J. R. Maness, Route 1, McConnell, North Carolina.

10. I wish through *The Cheerful Letter* to thank the ladies who have sent me magazines and papers, and especially Mrs. Melvin of Boston. We have moved from Norton, Kansas, to Gooding, Idaho. Will you please send the next *Cheerful Letter* to me at Gooding, Idaho? We get lonesome out here in this new country, so many strangers! We should appreciate any reading. Mrs. George Cecil.

11. I should like to become a member of your correspondence club. I am a young widow twenty-five years old. My husband has been dead ever since last October. I have only one sweet little babe, eleven months old, to comfort me in this life. My father and mother both are dead. I should appreciate any one's writing me, and should

like to receive reading and scraps for patchwork. For reference I give Rev. F. R. Sherrill, Athens, Tennessee. Address Mrs. Delia Shelton.

12. I want to make request through the Cheerful Letter Book Club for novels, books of poetry, and school-books. I am a farmer's wife; we live in the country, far from libraries. My husband is superintendent of his Sunday-school at a church with three hundred members, and I should like to have religious books for him. We shall be thankful to receive old, worn-out books, second-hand school-books, works of fiction of any standard kind, and magazines, as reading matter is very scarce in these remote country communities of the South. I refer you to Rev. W. H. Strickland, Greensboro, North Carolina, and to Rev. G. C. Phillips, Bear Creek, North Carolina. All who answer this request will confer a great favor on a needy country woman who is fond of reading and who has no books. I have three children and two of them are beginning to be interested in books. Mrs. Ernest C. Phillips, Route 3, Bear Creek, North Carolina.

13. Mrs. Percy B. Starbird, Lisbon Falls, Maine, Box 46, R. D., will be glad of "Red City." Mrs. Starbird loans all reading sent her.

14. I live in the country in North Carolina; get hardly any reading matter at all. All my near people have died and left me; I live alone. For thirty years I have loved the study of astronomy, and I shall be glad to have a few books on astronomy and philosophy and psychology sent to me, as well as fiction and poetry, to while away the dull and lonely hours. A friend has told me of the great work of your club. A. W. Jones, Bear Creek, R. D. 1, North Carolina.

15. Mrs. Lou N. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, asks for copies of *Zion's Herald*.

16. It will be so much appreciated if you can send us any of the following books: "Tales of the Days of Washington"; "History of Cyrus the Great"; "The Prince of the House of David"; "Pilgrim's Progress." All reading will be passed on to others. Mrs. Lulu Shearer, Farmer, Tennessee.

17. Will you kindly let me have "The Red City" by Mitchell, or "The Colonials"? I love to read anything that gives the his-

tory of Colonial days. Mrs. Minnie Gest, 406 Holgate Street, Defiance, Ohio.

18. May I have one of the following books: "The Red City," Mitchell; "The Prince of the House of David"; "Palestine and Syria"; "American Pioneers and Patriots"; "Needlework from Magazines,"—a favor that will be greatly appreciated. Katharine Roche, Ottawa, Le Sueur County, Minnesota.

19. I should appreciate some pieces for patchwork, and suitable reading for my two daughters. My dear husband has been dead two years yesterday and I am very lonely. If reference is desired, address J. W. Ramsey, Bassett, Virginia. Mrs. Jennie Daniel, Route 1, Bassett, Virginia.

20. Miss Otie Holt, Norwood, North Carolina, Route 2, Box 12, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Youth's Companion*, or *McClure's Magazine*, and would be glad of correspondents.

21. I have never written to *The Cheerful Letter* before. I should be glad to get the *Ladies' Home Journal*, any of Swedenborg's works, also the "Works of Orville Dewey." Zettella Capps, Hendersonville, North Carolina.

22. I appeal to you for reading for myself and four small children aged from two to ten years. Story-books, pictures, and cards will be appreciated for my children and any kind of books and magazines for myself. I should be very glad to receive *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's Magazine*, *Good Housekeeping*, and numbers of *The Cheerful Letter*; and if not asking too much, should be glad to receive pieces for patchwork. I live in a lonely country home and need cheer. For reference I give Rev. R. P. Ellington, Pleasant View, Virginia. My address is Mrs. S. B. Hamner, Knoll, Virginia.

23. Mrs. Maggie Sliger, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8, is the mother of eight children, aged from two to nineteen. She would like reading matter for the older ones, picture-books and cards for the smaller ones; and patchwork scraps for herself. She indeed hopes some one can send patchwork scraps, as she needs them badly. She lives in a hilly country eight miles from the nearest railroad, which makes it a very lonely place. She will certainly appreciate anything the Cheerful Letter people can do for her.

24. Mrs. H. P. Harmon, Decatur, Tennessee, Route 4, with a family of nine, asks for good reading.

25. I am a little girl of eleven years. My parents are poor and not able to buy books and reading. I shall be very thankful for anything sent me such as religious reading. We can't often go to church, as my parents are weakly. My mother would like for some one to send her a Bible; and please send me some scraps for my quilt. For reference I give Rev. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. Lillie J. Bryant, care of S. I. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

26. I am very much alone and would greatly appreciate good books to read and scraps for patchwork. If reference is desired, address Mr. N. I. Hones, Sanville, Virginia. Mrs. J. B. Eanes, Spencer, R. F. D., Virginia.

27. Mrs. John Case, Millington, Michigan, Box 88, would like to receive reading matter.

28. Rev. William A. Alleyne, Cable, Wisconsin, asks if some one could send him regularly the *Christian Register* and the *Harvard Theological Review*.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE ANGRY CHILD.

Anger is one of the first feelings to manifest itself in the young child. It is one of the most unlovely traits of childhood, and one of the most difficult to control; but it is also true that the one who rarely feels it often suffers wrong, and that, when it is stirred by the unjust sufferings of others, it impels most strongly to the righting of wrongs. Manifestly, there must be thoughtful action on the parent's part, if the child is to be so trained that he will experience anger as a virtue and escape it as a vice.

Anger stirred by the wrongs of another . . . prompts to such action as will defend the sufferer and tend to discourage the repetition of the misdeed. This is surely a moral impulse,—one that needs to be wisely and justly controlled, but one that ought not to be wholly eliminated. Anger because of the needless sufferings of others is one of the chief incentives in worthy reform movements of every kind. The man whose attitude toward the forces of evil that are entrenched in our social sys-

tem is that of fear rather than anger is neither a good citizen nor a worthy Christian.

Anger becomes a sin when its function is perverted. Anger may appear with insufficient cause,—or, to put it another way, it may be stronger than the occasion demands.

There are, perhaps, some rare cases where it is even wise to stimulate anger. The child who makes no resistance when injury is inflicted or threatened is poorly equipped for life. Such a one is almost sure to develop a weak character. But nature very rarely fails to provide the child with well-developed self-protective feelings. Violent anger in a young child should not alarm the parent. It is a law of human development that the feelings of the young child, like those of the lower races of men, are more intense and more explosive than those of the adult. The mother whose child throws himself on the floor and kicks and screams in blind passion until he is exhausted should understand that she is not dealing with a degenerate, but with a child who is probably normal, and who is manifesting very common childish impulses. The natural tendency is for such violent passions to become milder and more controlled as the child grows older.

The anger impulse, like every other, grows through exercise. The more frequently it is stimulated, the more it comes to dominate the nature of the child. Even the disposition of a horse or a dog can be spoiled by continued unkind treatment. Scolding, and especially "nagging," is almost invariably harmful, because it commonly stimulates a feeling of resentment and irritation. A punishment has educative value only when it stirs a feeling of regret or repentance. (It should be understood that, though the infliction of a punishment causes immediate anger, it is not to be condemned if the later consequences are such as to cause a permanent regret for the wrong-doing.)

The ability to control one's anger increases rapidly at adolescence. Usually at about fourteen or sixteen years of age the youth begins to win real and frequent victories over ill-temper. The parent can greatly aid in this by suggesting added motives, such as self-respect and Christian duty. The more refined forms of anger, such as contempt and scorn, in which the one who seeks to injure another is regarded as so far beneath one as to be

unworthy of notice, can be encouraged. Perhaps no greater service can be rendered than the tactfully expressed appreciation and recognition of the effort for self-mastery.

Whenever anger that is distinctly unselfish appears it deserves thoughtful treatment. The spirit should be encouraged, but in such a way as to guard against excesses.

The problem of dealing with fits of passion is partly different from that of training the anger instinct. Fits of violent rage sometimes occur and the situation must be dealt with promptly. Whipping, scolding, shaking are wholly wrong as a punishment for anger, however justifiable they may seem at other times. Separating an angry child from his playmates is often helpful. When it is possible, the best way is wholly to ignore the child until his rage has passed. "I cannot talk with this angry child. When my own good boy comes back, we will talk it over." Sometimes no answer at all is better still.

Diversion of the child's thought will sometimes prevent a fit of anger. The removal of a coveted object, the suggestion of a new game in which there is no disputed position of leadership, a call to render some little service, or the suggestion of a story at the critical moment, will often save a quarrel.

With some hesitation (lest it be misunderstood or misapplied) another prescription is offered. Sometimes, when a child is in the midst of one of those distressing outbursts of rage, he may be brought out of it by an unexpected dash of water in his face. This is not a punishment; its effect is to substitute intense surprise, with perhaps a small element of fear, for the anger. Usually, by the time the water is wiped away from the eyes and face the child rushes to his mother's arms, and, after a few tears, falls asleep.—*Edward Porter St. John, A.M., Ph.M., in "Child Nature and Child Nurture."*

The author quoted here is regarded as one of the leading modern authorities on the training of children. There may, however, be differences of judgment among experienced mothers in regard to some of his statements. The Editor of *The Cheerful Letter* would be glad to hear from any who feel that they have learned valuable lessons through actual dealing with children who had either too little or too much of the anger instinct.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

I.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own
ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor"
a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mu-
tinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
 And in did come the strangest figure!
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red,
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in;
 There was no guessing his kith and kin:
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one: "It's as my great-grand sire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone.
 Had walked this way from his painted
 tombstone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council-table:
 And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm
 able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep or swim or fly or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole and toad and newt and viper;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same
 cheque;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
 straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
 And as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic sleight
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty
 rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came
 tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny
 rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny
 rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished!
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary:
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the
 pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe:
 And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your
 nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 Already staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the
 steeple.
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand
 guilders!"

—Robert Browning.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

MANKIND'S BEST FRIEND.

The dog is the oldest friend man has
 among the animals. Probably we shall
 never know when the friendship began; but
 the bones of dogs lying side by side with the
 bones of primitive men show that it was in
 very, very remote times. When man lived
 in caves he was doubtless an untidy crea-
 ture, who, after feeding, would toss bones

and other refuse just outside his home. Wild dogs, when hungry, would be attracted by the odor of this waste food, and would come and carry it off. In this way man would become used to the presence of dogs in the vicinity of his home. Then, with so many wild dogs living near by, it is certain that occasionally their dens would be found by the man, and their puppies carried home to amuse the children. Such puppies would grow up with little fear of their human hosts, and by their playful, friendly ways would probably win for themselves tolerance if not actual affection, and so dogs would become a recognized part of the household. The puppies of these dogs would be a little tamer than their parents, and those of the next generation a little tamer still, until some of them became so domesticated as to have no thought of ever returning to the wild state.

Sooner or later man would discover that certain individual dogs were swifter or stronger than their fellows, and therefore more useful in the hunt. These would be encouraged to accompany him; the others would be left at home. The less useful dogs would gradually be eliminated,—driven away or killed,—and the swifter, stronger dogs retained. We can imagine how this process might continue until a distinct breed of hunting-dogs was developed.

As dogs were required for other purposes,—for guarding property or even for household pets,—other qualities might be encouraged and other breeds evolved. The varieties produced in different regions would be likely to differ from one another, partly by reason of the difference in the wild forms from which they sprang, partly because of the difference in the lines along which they were developed. In the intercourse between peoples from different regions, there would surely be an exchange of dogs, accidental or otherwise, and the result would be new varieties, which in the course of ages, and under widely different conditions, might eventually produce the many widely differing breeds we see to-day.

Have you ever been to a dog show,—I mean a big one, like the Westminster Kennel Club Show in New York, with over a hundred different breeds represented? Let us recall for a moment some of the dogs we have noticed, and see how widely they differ in appearance. For instance, compare a giant St. Bernard, weighing between two hundred and fifty and three hundred pounds, with a tiny Chihuahua

which may barely tip the scales at a pound and a half, and which can stand on the outstretched hand of a lady. Or look at the tall, lithe wolfhounds and greyhounds built to move like the winds of heaven, and then turn toward the short-legged, crooked-jointed basset and dachshund, and you will surely smile, and probably laugh out loud.

Compare a Newfoundland, or, better still, an Eskimo dog, whose thick, dense coat can withstand even the rigors of an Arctic winter, with a hairless dog of Mexico or Africa, which looks cold even in the middle of summer.

The conclusion which naturalists have arrived at is that all domestic dogs are descended from a few wild forms,—namely, wolves, jackals, and possibly dingoes. The dog is the one animal which can follow man all over the earth and adapt himself to every climate and to every use to which his master chooses to put him. The great naturalist, Darwin, said, "It is highly probable that the domestic dogs of the world are descended from two well-defined species of wolf, from one or two species of South American wild dogs, and from jackals."

From the very beginning of the late war dogs have had a paw in it. When the Germans invaded Belgium the harness dogs (which up to that time had been used for hauling milk, vegetables, and other produce) began to assist the refugees in getting their children and household goods out of the invaded territory. Since then they have hauled light artillery, and carts laden with blankets, bread, hay, and scores of other things for the comfort of the soldiers and their horses.

Dogs have done sentry duty in the trenches, and, with masters, patrol duty out on No Man's Land, their acute senses often making them aware of the approach of an enemy long before an unassisted man could have detected it. They have carried despatches through barbed-wire entanglements and amid the hail of bullets, and, in baskets strapped to their backs, have delivered homing pigeons, intended to carry messages for longer distances.

But perhaps the greatest service they have rendered has been in connection with the Red Cross, especially in the French and German armies. A part of their work has been to find the wounded after a battle. It is well known that when a man is wounded, usually one of his first thoughts is to get out of the way of the bullets and

he shells; and if he has strength he will crawl to some comparatively safe place,—often a place where it would be difficult for a man to find him, especially at night. Later, perhaps, he will be too weak to crawl out again or even to cry for help, and in many cases he would be lost if it were not for the dogs.

Keen of scent, these animals are not dependent on eyesight or hearing, and one of them will probably find him. It it does, it will take his cap or something else belonging to him, and hurry back to the lines; and presently return with stretcher-bearers, who will carry the poor fellow in to receive the best attention possible.

Many of the dogs have been mentioned in the despatches; a number have been decorated for bravery or distinguished service; and many, many more have done their bit,—the biggest bit it is possible to do,—and gone without a whimper where the best men and the best dogs go.—*Ernest Harold Baynes in the National Geographic Magazine.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Tenks, 238 Willow Avenue, West Somerville, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a word meaning to move to and fro, and leave an organ used for flying.
2. Behead a word meaning a map, and leave a stag.
3. Behead a fruit, and leave a part of the body.
4. Behead a word meaning fragile, and leave the popular name of several grallatorial birds.
5. Behead a short, swift foot-race, and leave to impress.
6. Behead one who lives by sharp practices, and leave a player on the harp.

II.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

- In smile, but not in tears.
In mile, but not in foot.
In boy, but not in girl.
In play, but not in work.

- In bond, but not in loan.
In good, but not in bad.
In ear, but not in hand.
In victory, but not in defeat.
In early, but not in late.
In grace, but not in beauty.
In east, but not in north.
My whole is an English statesman.

III.

SOBRIQUETS.

What cities are known by the following:—

1. City of Brotherly Love?
2. City of Magnificent Distances?
3. Flower City?
4. Queen City of the Lakes?
5. Smoky City?
6. Watering-pot of America?

IV.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To three-sevenths of Memphis, add one-sixth of London, two-fifths of Paris, two-sixths of Albany, one-sixth of Denver, one-sixth of Canton, and one-fourth of York, and the result will be a May holiday.

V.

WHAT CAPES?

1. In what cape would you expect to find wild flowers?
2. What cape would a boy like on the Fourth of July?
3. In what cape would you expect to find angry people?
4. In what cape would you be afraid?
5. In what cape would you expect something pleasant to happen?
6. In what cape would you wave to a boat going out to sea?

—*Exchange.*

Answers to puzzles in the April number.

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Clémenceau.

II. HIDDEN U.S. CAPITALS: 1. Boston. 2. Salem. 3. Denver. 4. Lansing. 5. Helena. 6. St. Paul. 7. Madison. 8. Jackson. 9. Charleston. 10. Dover.

III. ADDITIONS AND TRANSPOSITIONS: I, pi, rip, trip, tripe, sprite, striped, stripped.

IV. CHANGED INITIALS: 1. Face—pace. 2. Ore—are. 3. Boil—toil. 4. Lace—race. 5. Ace—ice. 6. Ire—ore. 7. Care—tare. 8. Hide—side. 9. Hay—day. 10. It—at. 11. Rear—year. Patriot's Day.

V. CONUNDRUMS: 1. Parasite, microbe. 2. Because it eats best when it has not a bit in its mouth. 3. Because it is the scenter (centre).

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Home Study Committee of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is planning for more efficient work.

Let it be understood that there are no special courses; the instruction is given by volunteers.

Our aim is to help in subjects in which one is deficient; to help one fit himself for a higher grade of work.

We have books used in the schools here which can be used for supplementary work in the schoolroom or in the home.

Make all applications to the Home Study Work, Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and now that there is more and more interest in "community singing," the call for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent Mrs. T. G. Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City.